HUDIBRAS.

THE FIRST PART.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

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HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF The FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO 1.

WHen *civil Dudgeon* first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,

Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When *Goſpel-trumpeter*, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to Battel ſounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode Colonelling.

A wight he was, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirrour of Knighthood*;
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worſhipfull on ſhoulder-blade:
Chief of Domeſtick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o're, as ſwaddle:
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So ſome Rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe, or ſtout.
Some hold the one, and ſome the other:
But howſoe're they make a pother,

The difference was ſo ſmall, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a grain:
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir *Hudibras*.
But they'r miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very ſhie of uſing it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unleſs on Holydayes, or ſo,
As men their beſt Apparel do.
Beſide 'tis known he could ſpeak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs ſqueek:
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whiſtle.
Being rich in both he never ſcanted
His Bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th'are found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:

And truly ſo he was perhaps,
Not as a *Proſelyte*, but for *Claps*.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt South and South-weſt ſide:
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horſe.
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a *Gooſe* a *Juſtice*,
And Rooks *Committee-men* and *Truſtees*.
He'd run in Debt by Diſputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a Trope;
And when he hapned to break off
I'th middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready, to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other foke.

But when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich,
A *Babyloniſh* dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a particolour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages:
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.

It had an odde promiſcuous Tone,
As if h'had talk'd three parts in one.
Which made ſome think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his ſtock would ne'r be ſpent.
And truly to ſupport that charge
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit:
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*:

For he by *Geometrick* ſcale.
Could take the ſize of *Pots of Ale*;
Reſolve by Sines and Tangents ſtraight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o'th' day
The Clock does ſtrike, by *Algebra*.
Beſide he was a ſhrewd *Philoſopher*,
And had read every Text and gloſs over:
What every *Sceptick* could inquere for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His Notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th'other, as Great Clerks have done.
He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghoſts of defunct Bodies, flie;
Where Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphyſick* wit can flie.
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;

CANTO I.

A second *Thomas*, or, at once
To name them all, another *Dunce*.
For he a Rope of sand could twist,
As tough as Learned *Sorbonist*;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd:
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again;
Although by wofull proof we find,
They alwayes leave a Scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies:
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.

All

All this, without a Gloſſe or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſſe the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that ſtubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation,
A *Godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which alwayes muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.

A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odde perverſe Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:

More

CANTO I.

More peeviſh, croſſe, and ſpleenatick,
Then Dog diſtract, or Monky ſick:
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, then others the right way:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for ſpight,
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all Sin.

Rather then faile, they will defie
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with *minc'd Pyes*, and diſparrage
Their beſt and deareſt friend, *Plum-porredge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Gooſe* it ſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme *Cuſtard* through the *Noſe*.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet's*, were Aſſe and Wigeon,
To whom our Knight by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and non-ſenſe,
Had got the Advouſon of his Conſcience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:

That

That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten Sirs, It followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equall grace
Both of his wiſdome and his face;
In Cut and Dy ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile:
The uppet part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Gray.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
The fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With grizly type did repreſent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampſon's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfall.
It was Monaſtick, and did grow
In holy Orders, by ſtrict vow;
Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*.
'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution
And Martyrdom with reſolution;
T' oppoſe it ſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed State:

In

In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whoſe thred of life the fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty Sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire:

Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his back:
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper,
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the ſame bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country houſe affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We further ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword-yet Cudgel-proof:
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
That fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.

His *Breeches* were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the ſiege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheeſe,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For Warriers that delight in blood.

For

For, as we ſaid, He always choſe
To carry Victle in his hoſe.
And though Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſerts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight.
'Tis falſe: For *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round-Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hoſe;
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts and their Nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt;
As learned Authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant *Sword* unto his ſide
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,

With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for Bullets,
To ſhoot at Foes; and ſometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a Grutch,
He ne're gave quarter t'any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into it ſelf for lack
Of ſomebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancour of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas ſo manful;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Then Sergeant *Bum*, invading ſhoulder.
Oft had it ta'ne poſſeſſion,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.

It

It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean ſhooes, and in the earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.

In th' Holſters at his ſaddle-bow,
Two aged *Piſtolls* he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle Rats with th' ſcent
To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
And ſometime catch 'em with a ſnap
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood Centinel,
To guard the magazine i'th' hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe,
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of reyn,

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bunkin*.

The Beast was sturdy; large and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall:
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:

And

And yet ſo fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That *Cæſar*'s Horſe, who, as fame goes,
Had Corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft.
And as that Beaſt would kneel and ſtoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to ſet him down.

We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting Ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt
Still as his tender ſide he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kickt:
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wiſely knowing, could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of 's Horſe,
The other would not hang an-Arſe.

A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
(Though Writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*; 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter ſafe,
We'l call him ſo, if not plain *Raph*.
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verſes,
With which like Ships they ſteer their courſes.)
An equal ſtock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With ſubtle ſhreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Caſtle fair
To his great Anceſtor, her Heir:
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Againſt the bloody Canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, ſeen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Paſs
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and ſome *New light*,
A Liberal Art, that coſts no pains
Of Study, Induſtry, or Brains.

His

His wits were ſent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken,
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne're conſider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it then 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle:
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne're beſide their way:
Whate're men ſpeak by this *new Light*,
Still they are ſure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a *dark Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couſen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendome in Dirty pond;

To dive like Wild-fowle for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires. and playes upon
The noſe of Saint, like Bag-pipe-drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus* or ſome friendly Muſe
Into ſmall Poets Song infuſe;
Which they at ſecond-hand rehearſe
Through reed or bag-pipe, verſe for verſe.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The antient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware:
For myſtick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick, *Taliſman*, and *Cabal*,
Whoſe Primitive tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s firſt green breeches:
Deep-ſighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*;
Th' Intelligible world could ſay:
A deep occult Philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Iriſh* are,

Or

Or Sir *Agrippa*; for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm;
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſy-Crucian* Lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
He underſtood the ſpeech of Birds,
As well as they themſelves do words:
Could tell what ſubtleſt *Parrots* mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a Glaſſe, like water,
Of ſov'raign pow'r to make men wiſe;
For dropt in blere, thick-ſighted eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Firſt Matter* ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſt-board which men ſhew
For Groats at *Fair of Bartholmew*;

But its great Grandſire, firſt o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came:
Both Couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, ſome ſay,
O'th' younger houſe to *Puppet-play*,
He could fore-tell whats'oever was
By conſequence to come to paſs.
As Death of Great men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' eccliplſe of Sun,
Or dreadfull Comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſie to be underſtood.
But with more luckie hit then thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o'th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All Miſchief in the World men do;
Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'l ſearch a Planet's houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*,
Who ſtole a thimble, or a ſpoon:
And though they nothing will confeſſe,
Yet by their very looks can gueſſe,

And

And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goods.
They'l queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs and peach
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'l find i'th' Phyſiognomies
O'th' Planets all mens deſtinies:
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o'th' Pill.
Caſt the nativity o'th Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the moment
Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
They'l feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine:
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
But not what wiſe, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more then can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, & like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took,
The other courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, parts, and wit.
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſally'd at the Gate,
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But e'r we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Then Juglers talking to Familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which:
They'r all alike: yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus we do accoſt.

Thou that with Ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*
And force them, though it were in ſpight
Of nature and their ſtars to write;

Who,

Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The praiſes of the Author, penn'd
By himſelf, or wit-enſuring friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make men ſcribble without skill,
Canſt make a Poet, ſpight of fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate;
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech:
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.

In Weſtern Clime there is a Town
To thoſe that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be ſed here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not underſtood.
To this Town People did repair
On dayes of Market, or of Fair,
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarſe Tabor
In merriment did drudge and labour:

But

But now a ſport more formidable,
Had rak'd together Village rabble.
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bearbaiting*:
A bold advent'rous exerciſe,
With antient *Hero's* in high prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Iſthmian* or *Nemean* game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A circle, like a Bear at ſtake,
That at the Chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble-rout.
For after ſolemn proclamation
In the Bear's name (as is the faſhion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty foot of ſtake of Bear;
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No honours got by ſuch a maim.
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing b ound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis,

But let them know at their own coſt
That he intends to keep his poſt.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which alwayes waits on feats of Arms,
(For in the hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his courſe did ſtear,
To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd h' was bound to doe
In Conſcience and Commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire;

We that are wiſely mounted higher
Then Conſtables, in Curule wit,
When on Tribunal bench we ſit,
Like Speculators, ſhould foreſee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of Chriſtian blood,

And

And try if we by meditation
Of Treaty and accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compoſe
The bloudy Duell without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Lawes, Religion, and our Wives
Enough at once to lye at ſtake,
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cauſe's* ſake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jeſuits* invented,
By *evil Counſel* is fomented.
There is a *Machiavillian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *nave olfact* it not)
A deep deſign in't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By ſetting Brother againſt Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *Cane & angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own ſelves, without cauſe?
That ſome occult deſign doth ly
In bloudy *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead brothers by the noſe.
I wiſh my ſelf a Pſeudo-prophet,
But ſure ſome miſchief will come of it:

Unleſs

Unleſs by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.
For what deſign, what intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *Cauſe*,
Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundamentall Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Proteſtation*;
Nor for free *Liberty of Conſcience*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-lands*,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor *evil Counſellours* to bring
To Juſtice that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the worſhip of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' *Ægyptians* worſhipp'd *Dogs*, and for
Their Faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd martyrdome.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better then ſo.

But

But we, we onely do infuſe
The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
'Tis our example that inſtills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
Juſt ſo by our example Cattel
Learn to give one another Battel.
We read in *Nero*'s time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian brethren*,
They ſow'd them in the skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd, Antichriſtian Game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The point ſeems very plain to me.
It is an Antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the *name*, The word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch word
In all the *Scripture* on record.
Therefore unlawful and a ſin.
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *thing*.
A vile *Aſſembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than

Pro-

Provincial, *Classick*, *National*;
Mere humane Creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatsoe're
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and Pagan,
No less then worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate,
For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim* as thou say'st:
(For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Then *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this:
For if by sly *Homœosis*,
(*Tussis pro crepitu*, an Art
Under a Cough to slur a Fart)
Thou wouldst Sophistically imply
Both are unlawfull, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
In Gospel-times, as lawfull as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis*:
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,

That put them in a bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o'th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their Wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O'th' two is worſt, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage.
Thou wilt at beſt but *ſuck a Bull*,
Or *ſhear Swine, All Cry, and no Wooll.*
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's analogicall?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?
A juſt compariſon ſtill is,
Of things *ejuſdem generis.*
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Compr'hend them *incluſive* both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As likely paſs for Bears as they.
For we are Animals no leſs,
Although of different *Speciefes.*
But *Ralpho*, this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof

Of

Of Deeds, not Words, and ſuch as ſuit
Another manner of Diſpute.
A Controverſie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of Proweſs and Conduct adæquate
To what our place and fame doth promiſe,
And all the *Godly* expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
W'are ſlurr'd and outed by ſucceſs:
Succeſs, the mark no mortal wit,
Or ſureſt hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe're we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are ſteer'd by fate,
Which in ſucceſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious cauſes, nobleſt merits.
Great Actions are not always true ſons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions:
Nor do the bold'ſt attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their worth;
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardiſe ſucceed.
Yet we have no great cauſe to doubt,
Our actions ſtill have born us out.
Which though th' are known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from example,
We're not the only perſon durſt,
Attempt this Province, nor the firſt.
In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,

And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of theſe the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' Attempt or Victory to come.
'Tis ſung, There is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In foraign Land, yclep'd-----
To whom we have been oft compar'd,
For Perſon, Parts, Addreſs, and Beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought.
He oft in ſuch Attempts as theſe
Came off with glory and ſucceſs.
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.
Honour is like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on;
With entring manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow approaches, like a Virgin.

This ſaid, as yerſt the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with ruſty ſteel did imite
His *Trojan* Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty ſtomack groan'd,
Juſt as that hollow beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail and blaſt of wind.
So have I ſeen with armed heel,
A Wight beſtride a *Common-weal*;
While ſtill the more he kick'd & ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd. THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemy's beſt men of War;
To whom the Knight *does make a ſpeech,*
And they deſie him: after which
He fights with Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Caſtle,
Their ſhuts him faſt in Wooden Baſtile.

CANTO II.

THere was an antient ſage *Philoſopher*,
That had read *Alexander Roſs* over,
And ſwore the world as he could prove,
Was made of Fighting and of Love:
Juſt ſo *Romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O'th' firſt of theſe w'have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o'th' latter:
In which to do the Injur'd Right
We mean, in what concerns juſt fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding name

A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Juſt like the manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if just ſo much he enjoy'd
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Gyant's ſlain in fight,
And mow'd orethwart, or clett downright,
It is a heavy caſe, no doubt,
A man ſhould have his Brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large Bones;
As men kill Beavers for their ſtones.
But as for our part, we ſhall tell
The naked truth of what befell;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due deſert:
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'recome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do tearm't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how,
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: they now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines, made by Geometry,
And were invented firſt from Engins,
As *Indian Britans* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be; and, as I was ſaying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Untill they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on,
The dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary men,
That came to aid their Brethren:
Who now began to draw in field,
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.

For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off; much further he
From off his aged Beaſt could ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy.
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he ſtopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage and ſteel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His Death-charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free ſword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bayl'd Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that Proweſs
In Scabbard of his Arms ſate looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſperate foot
On ſtirrup ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
Ralpho rode on with no leſſe ſpeed,
Then *Hugo* in the Forreſt did;

But

But with a great deal more return'd,
For now the Foe he had diſcern'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *main Battel*, *Wings*, and *Rear*.

In th' head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrier's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets Valour ſharp, like Beer
By thunder turn'd to Vineger,
(For if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on North-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe
To ſpecial friends the Knot of Nooſe:
For 'tis *great Grace* when *Statefmen* ſtraight
Diſpatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o're the ſtrings,
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own chin did grow.

Chiron,

Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe onely of his Beard.
In *Staffordſhire*, where Vertuous worth
Does raiſe the Miniſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King
And Ruler, o're the men of ſtring;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horſe that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a ſhin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt;
Eſteem'd more honourable then the other,
And takes place, though the younger Brother.

Next follow'd *Orſin*, famous for
Wiſe Conduct, and ſucceſſe in War:
A skilfull Leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhall to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head,
The Warrior to the liſts he led;
With ſolemn march and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face:
Grave as the Emperour of *Pegu*,
Or *Spaniſh* Potentate *Don Diego*.

This

CANTO II.

This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plaintiff *Dog*, should make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverſe of Judgement, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear.
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Souldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot Politicians
I' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new invention
Th' had found out, of an antique engine
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In Publick Garden at a blow,
And leave th' Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Stateſmen; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known you'l ſay 'tis eaſie.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow.

A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are the undoubted Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil's Maſter of that office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a Drum,
He'l ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' had better have let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters,
More juſtly may be aſcrib'd to this,
Then any other Warriour (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain, and a Souldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
Who, that their baſe births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods Gallants to their own Mothers,

To

To get on them a race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* firſt made *Lampoons.*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtor:
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medc'nal Lore,
For by his ſide a Pouch he wore
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine miles point-blank would ſolder.
By skilful *Chymiſt* with great coſt
Extracted from a rotten Poſt;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though by *Promethean* fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when Slovens do amiſs
At others doors by ſtool or piſs,
The Learned write, a red-hot ſpit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the Dung
Unto the Breech that did the wrong:
So this did healing, andas ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orſin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,

A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of War;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No leſs than Dint of Sword, could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,
With Viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet*'s own kin;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Noſe, like *Indian* King,
He wore for ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathren Target;
Armed, as Heraulds cant, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, *ſharp-fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beaſts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords in men of War are teeth,
Which they do eat their Victle with.

He was by birth, ſome Authors write,
A *Ruſſian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*,
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on Vermin:

And

And when they fail'd he'd ſuck his claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his paws.
And though his Country-men, the *Huns*,
Did ſtew their meat between their Bums,
And th'Horſes backs o're which they ſtraddle,
And every man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*
Of Noble houſe a Lady gay,
And got on her a race of Worthies,
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the Crown
Of a ſav'd Citizen: the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral ſpurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repay'd with Uſury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oftner then he fought

Inur'd to labour, ſweat, and toyle,
And, like a Champion, ſhone with Oyl.
Right many a Widow his keen blade,
And many Fatherleſſe, had made.
He many a Boar and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'rethrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the Boar or Dun Cow far'd.
With greater Troops of ſheep h' had fought
Then *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*:
And many a Serpent of fell kind,
With wings before & ſtings behind,
Subdu'd; as Poets ſay, long agon
Bold *Sir George*, *St. George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though ſtor'd with Deletary Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E're ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred, with vile bungleing.

Next theſe the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in martial fame.
Yet when with *Orſin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by 't.
Yet he was fierce as forreſt-Bore,
Whoſe ſpoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* ſev'n-fold Shield,
Which o're his brazen Arms he held.
But Braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The fury of his armed fiſt;
Nor could the hardeſt Ir'n hold out
Againſt his blows, but they would through 't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,
As *Engliſh Merlin* for his heart;
But far more skilful in the Spheres,
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.
He could transform himſelf in colour
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in ſhew
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,
Devis'd for quick diſpatch of ſlaughter;
The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuſs*, and *Saker*,
He was th' Inventer of, and Maker:
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle Drum*,
Did both from his invention come.

He was the first that e're did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A Launce he bore with Iron-pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:
And when their forces he had joyn'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Then burnish'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *English Mall*.
Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick & thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At breach of Wall, or Hedge-surprize,
She shar'd in th' hazard, and the prize:
At beating quarters up, or forrage,
Behav'd her self with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more busily,
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Penthesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no females stout, but Bears.)
Make feeble Ladies, in their works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a-stride;

To

To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that would have been the Miſtreſs
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe:
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'l find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen 't,
Or, what 's as good, produc'd in print:
And if they will not take our word,
We'l prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the Valiant'ſt;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muſes deathleſs writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide-ſhield would pierce,

And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd Anceſtor
Was Comrade in the ten years war:
For when the reſtleſs *Greeks* ſate down
So many years before *Troy* Town,
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-ſol'd Boots*, no leſs than fights;
They ow'd that glory only to
His Anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion.
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And would make three, to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate and quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument, in which be'ng valiant,
He us'd to lay about, and ſtickle,
Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
For Diſputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that ſpring from *Skulls*.

Laſt *Colon* came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe,
That which of *Centaure* long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to

Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigor, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part.
And always had a harder heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on mans fleſh, as fame goes.
Strange food for horſe! and yet, alaſs!
It may be true, for *fleſh is graſs.*
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able,
Then *Hercules* to clenſe a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat,
He ripp'd the womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted Fother.
And Provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs-cruel Steed.

It was a queſtion, whether He,
Or 's Horſe were of a Family
More Worſhipful: till Antiquaries,
(After th' had almoſt por'd out their eyes,)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'neſs on the Horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder houſe:
For beaſts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himſelf, did th' earth poſſeſs.

These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Arms, and Rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From foraign Parishes, and Regions,
Of different manners, speech, Religions,
Came men and mastives; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were entred by Antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broached;
When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
With Squire, and weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

What Rage O Citizens, what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry;
What *Oestrum*, what phrenetick mood,
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud *Foes* your Trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks ---- ghost?
What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?

Shall *Saints* in Civil bloodſhed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cauſe* lie fallow?
The *Cauſe*, for which we fought, and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o're?
Then becauſe Quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*,
Will ſeem a meer *God-dam-me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For, as we make War *for the King*,
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For *God*, and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do;
The blood and treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o' th' *Proteſtation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and ſome ſince *Martyrs*,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
With zeal, and noiſes formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Joyn throats to cry the *Biſhops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)

As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout,
When *Tinkers* baw'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyſter-women* lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Biſhop*.
The *Mouſe-trap-men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Ev'l Counſellours* did cry.
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead
Of *Pudding-Pies*, and *Ginger-Bread*:
And ſome for *Broom, old Boots and Shooes*,
Cry'd out to *purge the Commons Houſe*:
Inſtead of *Kitchin-ſtuff*, ſome cry,
A *Goſpel-preaching-Miniſtry*;
And ſome for *Old Suits, Coats*, or *Cloaks*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book*.
A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
And is this All? is this the end
To which theſe *carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all ſorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradeſmans book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, & are broke,
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?

For

For when they thought the *Cauſe* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coyn *Piſs-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horſe and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musketiers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the *Dragons teeth* b'ing ſown.
Then was the *Cauſe* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* off'rings, conſecrate
Like the *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell proſtrate, to adore it.
So ſay the *Wicked*----- and will you
Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean then Calves or Steers?
Have *Pow'rfull Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I'th' power of *Goſpel-preaching Miniſter?*
Have they invented *Tones*, to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The men, as *Indians* with a female
Tame Elephant, inveigle the male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy*'s deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine;

Preſcrib'd

Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne're advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th' laſt expreſſe,
And after good or bad ſucceſſe
Made Prayers, not ſo like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures* and *Propoſitions*,
(Such as the *Army* did preſent
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſſe the *Work* be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't ſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To *Well-affected* Perſons, down
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With pow'r to levy Horſe and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe courſes, theſe efforts,
Been try'd by people of all ſorts,

Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe*'s ſervice?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give Dogs and Bears a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt:
And bid *the Devil take the hinmoſt*,
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They'l ſay our buſineſſe to *reform*
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to tranſcribe a Church inviſible,
As we have ſworn to do, it is a *bull*:
For when we ſwore to do it after
The beſt reformed Churches that are,
What did we elſe but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame caſe
With theirs that ſwore *Et cæteras*;
Or the *Freneh League*, in which men vow'd
To fight to the laſt drop of blood.
Theſe ſlanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,

If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather then *Goſpel-walking* times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your Brethren, and your Country-men;
And to thoſe places ſtreight repair,
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noyſe,
On which illegally he playes,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condigne Puniſhment, as th' c. ht.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'le take another courſe,
And ſoon *Reduce* you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.

But

But *Talgol*, who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tayle of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice, as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O' thy ſelf, old Ir'n, and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather,
Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No work t'employ it ſelf about,
Where thou ſecure from wooden blow
Thy buſie vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute afoot between
The *Catterwauling Brethren?*
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their-wits*, and thoſe i'th' wrong?
No prize between thoſe Combatants
O'th' times, the Land and Water-*Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without hazzard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of bus'neſſe come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?

Was

Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Gooſe*,
To tye thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicen'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee;
And ſet th' a task, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up *ſale* and *ſequeſtration*;
To *cheat* with *Holineſſe* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;
Or ſent th' on bus'neſſe any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt Brain enough in Skull
To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones,
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt,
Which I'le not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.

At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting* hands and *eyes up* both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomack ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out.

Was

Was I for this entitled *Sir*,
And girt with truſty Sword and Spur,
For fame and honour to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to Cattel?
Not all the Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Turn Death of Nature to thy work,
And ſtop the Gangrene in ſtale Pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne're withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes, made to hew down lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this blade
Which I her Sword-bearer do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomack, pump'd to ſling on me,
Go unreverg'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e're be ſaid, that wight
With Gantlet blew, and Baſes white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a man at Arms defy'd

With

With words far bitterer then wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Againſt th' outſide of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne're ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrnſt
Her *Gorgon*-ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as 'twere transform'd to ſtock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon ſmote at *Knight*.
But he with Petronel up-heav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſters gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haſte
Drew out his Sword; yet not ſo faſt,
But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack,
Twice bruiz'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his rugged Sword was out,
With ſtomack huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe the Truncheon.

The

The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood;
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st,
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds & bruises honour more.
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

But now fierce *Colon* 'gan draw on,
To aid the distrest Champion.
Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew
A dismal Combat 'twixt them two:

Th' one arm'd with mettle, th' other wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree, and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them cold divine
To which ſide conqueſt would encline:
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vye,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain,
Perform'd what force could ne're attain.
For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
Of Steed, with pricks as ſharp as nail.
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent,
And feel regret on fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſ-engage from thiſtle,
That gall'd him ſorely under his tail.
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire*, and baggage from his back;
And blundring ſtill, with ſmarting rump,
He gave the *Knight*'s Steed ſuch a thump,
As made him reel. The *Knight* did ſtoop,
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By ſlight eſcap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,

He

He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out,
But *Mars*, that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whoſe ſoft fur-gown,
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruiſe or wound;
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty ſpirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake of bondage from his ſnout.
His wrath enflam'd, boil'd o're, & from
His jaws of death he threw the foam.
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more, than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *Knight*, and ſtorm'd, and rav'd;
And vext the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the *Law of Arms*;
For men he always took to be
His friends, and Dogs the enemy;

Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſouldier-like condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion,
And laid about him, till his noſe,
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew.
Some he o'reran, and ſome o'rethrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much haſte,
And dread, as he the Rabble chas'd.
In haſt he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear a ſev'ral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded ſore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone,
But, much its betters, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,

With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of Urine, caſt in ſwound;
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And liſting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, to fall on *Knight*.
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd, and skin upon the wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with ſprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching *Knight* from fell Muſician.
He ſnatch'd his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Skin encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between,
He took the blow on ſide and arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* entranc'd from harm;

And joyning wrath with force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden member ſuch a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate frenzie*
Made thee (thou whelp of ſin) to fancy
Thy ſelf, and all that coward Rabble
T' encounter us in battel able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To wear our blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-poſt prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy skin,
And ankle free from Iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt ---- but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouſe him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his noſe with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within.
They wakened with the noiſe, did flye
From inward room to window eye,

And

And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A *self-denying* Conquerour;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e're fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your self but leave,
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness is fled,
All save *Crowdero*, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Goal.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Must sentence him to live or dye.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Wone in the service of the *Churches*;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more a *Crowd*.
For though success did not confer
Just Title on the Conquerer;
Though *dispensations* were not strong
Conclusions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owning* were but a meer term:

Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores, and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites:
All which the *Saints* have *title* to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due,
What we take from them is no more
Then what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begnn to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none,
Of all his foes remain but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangmans buſ'neſs, ſooner
Then from your hand to have the honour

Of his Deſtruction. I that am
A Nothingneſſe in deed and name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſſe,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe.
Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great Commanders alwayes own
What's proſperous by the Souldier done.
To ſave, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your will and pow'r have leſſe
Then both might have of ſelfiſhneſſe.
This pow'r which now alive with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the ſlave in awe,
Then if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrew,
Or honour from his death to you;
'Twere policy, and honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do.
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in Triumph led, then ſlain:

The

The Lawrells that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes the greateſt fame
Of Cripple ſlain, can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain.
Th' Honour can but on one ſide light.
As Worſhip did, when y'were dub'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h'appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his ſafety;
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have pike;
Or if his death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has Quarter, ne'retheleſſe
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe.
This hath been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For words and promiſes that yoke
The Conquerour, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampſon's* Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*
By rules of military Laws,

And

And only do what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak;
But to the *Wicked*, or the *Weak*
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, ſuch as theſe are.

This ſaid, the high outragious mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire*'s advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the bus'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe
The Wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne're to bear arms againſt him more.

Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſt,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The *Squire* in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whyniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle*, and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,

And

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat againſt the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Untill quite through the Town th' had gone,
At further end of which there ſtands
An antient Caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rfull Spell
Of Magick made impregnable.
There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate,
Port-cullis, Chain, or Bolt, or Grate:
And yet men durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three inches wide;
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lye, or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Untill th'are freed by head of Burrough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon hands;
By ſtrange enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.

And

And when a circle 'bout the wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne're ſtirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoyls, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophee, place.
That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleſull face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in Priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Pris'ner: then they ſeize
The Inchanted Fort by ſtorm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's place.*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do inviron
The man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy miſchiefs and miſhaps
Do [illegible] him ſtill with after-claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'l after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any man may ſing or ſay,
I'th' Ditty call'd, *What if a day.*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h'had won
The field as fuer as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;

Thinking

Thinking h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thanksgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In Deathleſſe Pages of *Diurnal*;
Found in few minutes, to his coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Then in events of War Dame Fortune.
For now, the late-faint-hearted Rout,
O're-thrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horrour of their fear
From bloudy fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the *Dogs*, who in purſuit
Of the *Knight's* Victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly ſought to get
The Honour of his bloud and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart of grace, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time, the routed *Bear*
Attaqu'd by th' Enemy i'th' Rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about,
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haſt
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,

Re-

Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th'advantage of the Ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior ſtout and politick.
Until in ſpight of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a paſs to hold diſpute
On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:
But ſtill their numbers ſo encreaſt,
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather then yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his hyde and carkaſe at
A price as high and deſperate
As e're he could. This reſolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The enemy in the greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle valour doe
Againſt ſo numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th'odds was ſuch:
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.

For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf, to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was, above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th'enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many Warriors and ſo ſtout
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where;
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down ſtill laid about;
As *Widdrington* in doleful Dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If *Trulla* and *Ceridon* in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick,
For *Trulla* who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot,

(But

(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or trip it o're the Water quicker
Then Witches when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the Martial throng;
Where pittying the vanquiſht *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who ſtood near
Viewing the bloudy fight, to whom
Shall wee (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,
And ſee ſtout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already h'has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd:
And twould to us be ſhame enough
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtreight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late.
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therfore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground:
And joyning forces laid about
So fiercely, that th'amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.

Mean while th' approach'd (the place where
Was now engaged to mortal ruin: (*Bruin*
The conquering foe they ſoon aſſail'd;
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until the Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted *Bear* came off with ſtore
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over but the Pagan heel:
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern parcel.
For as an *Aujirian Archduke* once
Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coin) in battel par'd
Cloſe to his head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th'other ſide,
Like *Scrivener* newly crucify'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the *circumciſed brethren*.
But gentle *Trulla* into th' ring
He wore in's noſe convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe marcht before, and led
The Warrior to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which Eglentine and Roſes made,

Cloſe

Cloſe by a ſoftly-murm'ring ſtream
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd, with a ſtrain.
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.

For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground
In ſtanding fights then for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the Chace,
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his Coward toes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony *Bear*:

That Echo from the hollow ground
His dolefull wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Then in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot rimes,
That make her, in their ruthfull ſtories,
To anſwer to inter'gatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my --- Echo, *ruine*?
I thought th'hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) *Mum budget.*
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i'th' diſh,
Thou turn'dſt thy back? Quoth Echo, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th'hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee flie
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:

For who would grutch to ſpend his bloud in
His honor's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, a *Puddin.*
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomack burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with his bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his Bear.
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving o're
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where e're he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honor, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breaſts enflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors ſtout
And reſolute as ever fought:

Whom furious *Orſin* thus beſpoke,
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Aſs,
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing
Have put upon us, like tame cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel?
For my part, it ſhall ne're be ſed,
I for the waſhing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th' Raſcals, but loſs of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more then all my skill can foretel.
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, *more then the Pope of Rome*.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where e're th'in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'le make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the Beard.
Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orſin*, th'haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſayſt;
And ſo has every body here
As well as thou haſt or thy Bear.
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this Twig be made of wood

That

That will hold tack, I'le make the fur
Flie 'bout the ears of the old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.
My self, and *Trulla* made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough.
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyn
Their forces in the same design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befel:
For such, *Crowdero* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blews*;

To mollifie the uneaſie pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O'th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a widows joynture-land,
(For he, in all his amorous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
As now he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let flie at *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
But time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly, that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits, and Ants eggs,
Had almoſt brought him off his leggs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That Old *Pyg-* (what d' y' call him?) *malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:
Among which one croſs-grain'd freak ſhe had,
As inſolent, as ſtrange, and mad:

She

She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange Riddle of a Lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her? ha day!
So Cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart, muſt ſay her
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had no ſmall task,
To compaſſe what he durſt not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed,
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Untill he ſeize upon the Coney:
Juſt ſo does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much ſcorn,
To be by man of honour born.
Yet much he bore, untill the diſtreſſe
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightfull Miſtreſſe
Did ſtir his ſtomack, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain

Turn'd

Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution being put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late,
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and hope
A dore to diſcontinu'd hope.
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her.
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave Conqueſt o're my foes
May reach her heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugne love,
And vertue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both love and vertue too?
But thou bring'ſt valour too and wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouſe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, that art a Conquerer?

Fortune

Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*
But let the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from ſleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blew eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies,
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch:
So from his Couch the *Knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the widows heart;
Crying with haſty tone, and hoarſe,
Ralpho, diſpatch, to horſe, to horſe.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he enſconc'd,
And had all th' avenues poſſeſt
About the place, from Eaſt to Weſt.
That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, & where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a Council, which was beſt,
By ſiege or onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy: and 'twas agreed,
By ſtorm and onſlaught to proceed.

This

This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort,
They now drew up t'attack the fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
VVhether Dame Fortune, or the care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid;
VVhen ſetting ope the Poſtern gate,
VVhich they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomwhat ſtartled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th'unexpected ſight.
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage.
And thoſe he ſpoke: The Coward Foe,
VVhom we but now gave quarter to,

Look

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had outrun their fears.
The Glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat.
And to their wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame individuals that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we couragiouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for Victory: and when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terrour o're our heads,
They'l ſtraight reſume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by turns thoſe whom it takes.
And they'l opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This ſaid, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown whiniard drew.
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to be bear the brunt;

As expert Warriors uſe: then ply'd
With Iron-heel his Courſer's ſide,
Conveying Sympathetick ſpeed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Meanwhile the foe with equal rage
And ſpeed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handiblows.
When *Orſin* firſt let flie a ſtone
At *Ralpho*; not ſo huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withall:
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T'have ſent him to another world;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold *Squire*,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd.
He, wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th'enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſt cloſe,
To come, pell-mell, to handiblows:
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher.

As

As expert Warriours uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge the foe.
This order the advent'rous *Knight*,
Moſt Souldier-like obſerv'd in fight:
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her Goody-ſhip,
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For *Colon* chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thumpt upon
His manly panch with ſuch a force,
As almoſt beat him off his horſe.
He loos'd his whiniard, and the rein;
But laying faſt hold on the mane,
Preſerv'd his ſeat: And as a Gooſe
In death contracts his talons cloſe;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: the ſhot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s braſs Habergeon,
Who ſtraight *a Surgeon* cry'd, *a Surgeon*.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.

This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the fight.
As *Ralpho* might; but he with care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt forbare,
To preſs th'advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In cloſe encounter, they both wag'd
The fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the day.
And now the buſie work of death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the fight;
When the diſaſter of the *Knight*
And th' other party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his party
With ſtout encouragements & hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour ſtir
Your ſpirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;

But from ſo formidable a Souldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their ſpirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You'l have a harder game to play,
Then yet y'have had to get the day.

Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*; but was heard
Of *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, then *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counſel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hoſe,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *Criſis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomack down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtal.
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,

Twere the beſt courſe: but if they find
We flie, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour
And danger too is ſuch, I'le ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.

This ſaid, the *Squire* with active ſpeed
Diſmounted from his bonny Steed,
To ſeize the Arms which by miſchance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a man may ſay, with might and main
He haſted to get up again.
Thrice he aſſay'd to mount aloft,
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pull'd back: till having found
Th' advantage of the riſing ground,
Thither he led his warlike ſteed,
And having plac'd him right, with ſpeed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the beaſt.
VVhom *Orſin*, who had newly dreſt
The bloody ſcar upon the ſhoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,
And now was ſearching for the ſhot
That laid *Magnano* on the ſpot,

Beheld

Beheld the ſturdy *Squire* aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew, with fury, to th' aſſault,
Striving the enemy to attack,
Before he reacht his horſe's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, & gotten
O'rethwart his Beaſt with active vaut-
Wrigling his body to recover (ing,
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,
The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbling he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſown.
Meanwhile the *Knight* began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs;
He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,
And found both by his eys and noſe,

'Twas only Choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful ire;
Couragiouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out,
And now had half-way bent the cock
When *Cerdon* gave ſo fierce a ſhock,
With ſturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his ſteed.
The *Knight* his Sword had only left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropt off a limb,
But *Orſin* came and reſcu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his quarters oppoſite.
But as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppoſe.
Till *Orſin* charging with his Lance
At *Hudibras*, by ſpightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on ſtirrup,

Cry'd

Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another,
To bear thee company in death:
But firſt I'le halt a while and breath.
As well he might: for *Orſin* griev'd
At th'wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before.
Meanwhile the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himſelf, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at *Orſin* with full ſpeed,
While he was buſie in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial Art,
The ſubtle *Knight* ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces joyn'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,

Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o're
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the field and honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run:
I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lye ſprawling on the ground,
With many a gaſh, and bloody wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two Victories in a day,
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I,
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The Foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*
As they *perire*, and yet enough
Be left to ſtrike an after-blow.
Then leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the buſ'neſs o're,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for action, now be here:;

Nor

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arſe for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got theſe harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of ſtrength: unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a prey
To thoſe who now are run away.

That thou ſhalt not (quoth *Hudibras*;)
We read, the Antients held it was
More honourable far *Servare*
Civem, then ſlay an adverſary.
The one we oft to day have done;
The other ſhall diſpatch anon.
And though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This ſaid, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently toward the *Squire*:
Then bowing down his body, ſtretcht
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got.

But

But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The Pillage of the Priſoners,
Which in all feats of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph* ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bo'wd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* baſe (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty.
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy fortune o're afreſh,
I'le wave my title to thy fleſh,
Thy Arms and baggage, now my right:
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'le lend thee back thy ſelf a while,
And once more for that Carcaſe vile
Fight upon tick ---- Quoth *Hudibras*,

Thou offer'ſt nobly valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe, and take my ſword;
That ſword, which has ſo oft this day,
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,

Will

Will bluſh with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider while thou mayſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force.
For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace;
By Law of Arms, in ſuch a caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter or counſel from a foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more wore thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This ſaid, ſhe to her tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows ſo fierce, and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't, quoth ſhe, or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting *Arſie-verſie*
Shall ſerve thy turn ---- This ſtirr'd his ſpleen
More than the danger he was in,

The blows he felt or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, deſpight, revenge, and ſhame,
At once unto his ſtomack came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury.
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow,
Reſolving to deſide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew, and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe Scum.
Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin;
Or wilt thou be worſe than thy huffing? (thou:
Thou ſaidſt th' woud'it kill me, marry woud'it
Why doſt thou not, thou *Jack-a-Nods* thou?

Why

Why doſt not put me to the ſword?
But cowardly flie from thy word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy ſtars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loſs of honour's great enough,
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a ſcoff:
Sarcaſmes may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortunes power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The antient *Heroes* were illuſtrious
For being benigne, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſht foe: their ſwords
Were ſharp and trencheant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courteſies about.

Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the Victory,
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my fame, than thy deſert.
Thy Arms, thy liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw:

The reſt, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is to late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey:
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to day.
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life, and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me: but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob's pound*:
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcaſe ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.

This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.

She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o're his ſturdy back.

And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers,
Port-canons, Perriwigs, and Feathers,
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd, and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To ſhare in th' honour, and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide,
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhowre.
But *Trulla* thruſt her ſelf between,
And ſtriding o're his back agen,
She brandiſht o're her head his ſword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, ſhould make that quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms,

In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt,
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones,
His great heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſome, and ſupply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right.
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight,
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t'engage in.

The *Knight* and *Squier* firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their faces to the *Arſes*,
Orſin led *Hudibras* his beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt,
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on.
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the Rear,
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.

In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *enchanted Caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, then ſhows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow, or then the *Bears*,
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order Souldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for Battel as for Muſter.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the Fort their force,
They all advanc't, and round about,
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*,
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,
No leſs than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle*, and his *Caſe*,
And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſhious vengeance to aſſwage.
For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Truſſa* ſtraight brought on her charge,

And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo* put
The *Knight* and *Squire*, where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in *Hockly i' th' hole*,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Manſion, to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they marcht away.

But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e're the other moity feels.
'Tis not reſtraint or liberty
That makes men priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind or Æquanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſed
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob
Becauſe h' had ne're another *Tub*.

The Antients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Proweſs in heroick minds,
The *Active*, and the *Paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equeneceſſary;
But in defeats, the paſſive ſtout,
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainſt a conqu'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blews are ſuggill'd,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, are *cudgell'd*:
He that is valant, and dares fight,
Though drub'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's *a leaf for time to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that is in battel ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain;
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lye in Honour's *Truckle-bed*.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed Sun,
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his light,
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright:
So Valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd, and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us over-grown with wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much: so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
Having subdu'd a *Bear*, and *Rabble*,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof;
A politick exploit, right fit,
For *Presbyterian zeal* and *wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is prophane.
Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' y' call*)
Thy *light* jump right, thou call'st *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a standard
To size whats'ever 's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember, how this day,
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,

That

That thou couldſt prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, orthodox and legal?
Do if thou canſt, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do
That has but any *guts in's brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'l find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are myſtical *Bear-gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ only in a meer word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of *carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:
Both *Antichriſtian Aſſemblies*,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' other *Souls* and *Conſciences*;
Where *Saints* themſelves are brought to ſtake,
For *Goſpel-light*, and *Conſcience* ſake;

Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Inſtead of *Maſtive-Dogs* and *Curs*;
Then whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at ſouls of men will flie.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this latter age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears naturally are beaſts of Prey,
That live by rapine ſo do they.
What are their *Orders*, *Conſtitutions*,
Church-cenſures, *Curſes*, *Abſolutions*,
But ſev'ral myſtick chains they make,
To tye poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet heathen *Officers*,
Inſtead of *Dogs*, about their ears,
For to prohibit and diſpence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of hell and heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what Characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts on ſin or godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to *Goſpel-order*,
By *Rapine*, *Sacriledge*, and *Murther*;
To make *Presbytery* ſupream,
And *Kings* themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their Conſciences, to turn *Saints*,

Muſt

Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When *Saints* Monopoliſts are made.
When *pious* frauds, and *holy* ſhifts,
Are *diſpenſations* and *gifts*,
There *godlineſs* becomes meer ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquiſition*,
A mungrel breed of like petnicion,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſſioners*, and *Triers*:
Whoſe bus'neſs is, by cunning ſleight,
To caſt a figure for mens *Light*:
To find in lines of beard and face,
The Phyſiognomy of *grace*;
And by the ſound and *twang of Noſe*,
If all be *ſound* within diſcloſe,
Free from a crack, or flaw of ſinning,
As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *black caps*, underlaid with *white*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *Light*;
Which *Serjeants at the Goſpel* wear,
To make their *ſpiritual calling* clear.
The *hand-kercher* about the neck,
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the inſtitution came,
When Church & State they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of *ſpiritual warfaring* men)

Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest cut* in fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion,
That *grace is founded in dominion.*
Great *piety* consists in pride;
To *rule*, is to be *sanctifi'd*:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o're the body, and the soul,
Is the most perfect *Discipline*
Of Church-rule, and by *right divine.*
Bell, and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too,
Or else with blood and desolation,
They'l tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directory* was to *kill*;
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only *beasts*, now *men*,
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or now and then a child to *Molock*,

They

They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a *Free-ſtate*,
A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe-pig-Metropolitan*:
Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keyes* for Cheeſe and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's *Holineſſe*, the *Church's head*,
More haughty and ſevere in's place
Then *Gregory* and *Boniface*.
Such Church muſt (ſurely) be a Monſter
With many heads: for if we conſter
What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the ſinfull tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Prieſt*, *Lay-elder*, *Scribe*.
Lay-elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whoſe little finger is as heavy
As loyns of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
And Biſhop-ſecular. This Zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverſe kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A lawleſſe *linſie-wolſie Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;

A Creature of amphibious nature,
On land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in water;
That alwayes preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over mens Belief
And Manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through courſeſt boulter others *gifts*.
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe *Talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'l lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whoſe Paſtors are but th' Handiwork
Of his Mechanick Paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling,
From whence they ſtart up *choſen veſſels*,
Made by Contract, as men get *Meazels*.
So *Cardinals*, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*
They ſay, *does make ſweet Malt*. Good *Squire*,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt,
For *haſte* (the Proverb ſayes) *makes waſte*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.

And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And figure, to be underſtood.
I'le force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *Dialecticῶs*.

The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worſt, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th'are really *all one*.
If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why that *Tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the *ſame*, by courſe
Neither is *better*, neither *worſe*.
But I deny they are the *ſame*,
More then a *Maggot* and *I* am.
That both are *Animalia*,
I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of theſe,
Then prove *my Horſe is Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay no.

And

And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Aſſembly*'s not impow'rd
To *cenſure*, *curſe*, *abſolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*
Has no ſuch pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none.
And ſo thy Sophiſtry's o'rethrown.

But yet we are beſide the Queſtion
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt Conteſt on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are better
Then *Synod-men*; I ſay, *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beaſts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: They'r better then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four legs* go,
As Beaſts, but *Synod-men* on *two*.
'Tis true, they all have *teeth* and *nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, ſhaggy *fur*
Grows o're the hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *ſnout* and *ſpacious ears*,
Do hold proportion with a *Bear*'s.
A *Bear*'s a ſavage Beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into ſhape and frame:
But all thy *light* can ne're evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other faſhion
Then his own will and inclination.

But

But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugne thy ſelf, and ſenſe, that is,
Thou wouldſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears*, and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too.
A ſtrange *Chimæra* of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid, which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain, thy *light* and *gifts*,
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard:
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of *humane learning* you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;

A trade of knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An Art t'incumber *Gifts* and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s doublet;
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other mens reason and their own;
A fort of Errour, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance;
That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for sense or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Pagan*, *Heathenish invention*
Is good for nothing but Contention,
For as in Sword-and-Buckler fight,
All blows do on the Target light:
So when men argue, the great'st part
O'th' Contest falls on terms of Art,
Untill the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the Constable at last;

For

For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs & untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white*;
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this, *Humane Learning*;
Two things s'averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Then this w'are in: Therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weari'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 26. line 7. for *po* read *do*. *ibid.* line 16. for *Beal's* read *Bear's*. page 28. for *nave olfact* read *nare olfact*.